

BATTLE*DANCE SONG

Chorus-

(ENTRANCE)

Aiee ! Aiee ! Aieeeeeee !

(Flute & Voice solo)

The kernel came into the world
Dressed in an outer shell
It slept, through rain and wind and storm
And nothing saw and nothing heard
For darkness served it well,
It dreamed of death it dreamed of hell
For darkness served it well
Dressed in its outer shell.

CHORUS:

Aiee --aiee-aieeeeeee !

(Oboe and Voice solo)

Then came the Sun of Dawning ,
On Springtime floating.
It dreamed of Light !

CHORUS

Of Light, of Light !

(Oboe and Voice solo)

Flow into Time,
Flow into Space and limitation,
Light calls you out into a world of delight;
Drink of illusion's wine, eat of its bread,
Till 'round you spread
Earth's blowing fire !
Bathe in its glow;
Breathe in its flame,
Out of it came
Your Self long ago.

CHORUS

Earth's blowing fire -
Breathe in its flame !

(Space of discordant Music and
distorted unrhythmical dancing)

(At end of Dance the chorus exit. there shines a light out of the entrance of the cave as HAGGLIS, the all-mother enters. She is ageless as the Sphynx, old, yet ever young and mysterious. She wears a mantle that covers her from head to foot and her head is cowled, so that her face alone stands out with large dark fathomless eyes.)

HAGGLIS

(Calls)

Orfana !

(Forest Voices echo)

"Orfana --"

Hear, child, the forest calls to you, the
birdlings in the high trees croon.

(In the thicket a figure that is
lying on the ground moves, one arm
is lifted and falls again. This is
ORFANA (Desire) who lies half aslee
on the ground.)

Orfana !

(Forest Voices echo)

"Orfana--"

Awake, awake, the gloaming falls again
With thoughts all unconfined
That whisper at the gates.
Soon he will come,
To whom your life inclines.

ORFANA

(Rises from the ground and steps into view
from the thicket. She is a woman, beautiful,
voluptuous, young)

Why should I seek him who seeks not me ,
Sarafis, my still-born child who answers not
my calling ! Your soul is mine, your voice is
mine And yet -- you answer not !

(Speaks to Hagglis)

Why call you me , Hagglis ?

HAGGLIS

By what road do you seek Sarafis ?

(At end of Dance the chorus exit. there shines a light out of the entrance of the cave as HAGGLIS, the all-mother enters. She is ageless as the Sphynx, old, yet ever young and mysterious. She wears a mantle that covers her from head to foot and her head is cowed, so that her face alone stands out with large dark fathomless eyes.)

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(Forest Voices echo)

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my calling ! Your soul is mine, your voice is
mine ~ And yet -- you answer not !

(Speaks to Hagglis)

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HAGGLIS

By what road do you seek Sarafis

(AT END OF CAVE DANCE)

(Hagglis comes out of the Cave) She is old, but her face
is that of a Sphynx, ever young and mysterious)

HAGGLIS

(Calls)

Orfana !

(Forest Voices, softly)

Orfana !

HAGGLIS

Orfana, the forest calls to you! the ~~birdlings~~
in the high trees croon, the mist is rising

(A figure moves in the thicket, it lies on the
ground, seemingly one with the brown trunks
of the trees and the earth on which she is
lying asleep.) This is Orfana, Desire, stirring
in the forest)

Orfana! Awake, the gloaming comes again with
thoughts all unconfined
That whisper at the gates. soon he will come
To whom your life inclines.

ORFANA

(Steps into view from the thicket)

(She is a woman, dark-eyed beautiful voluptuous)
brown as the earth of which she is a part.)

Why should I seek him when ~~he~~ seeks not me.
Sarafis, my still-born child, who answers not
my call ! Your voice is mine; desire a light
to be, your life is mine, deep longing.

C.B.
2

SONG

Chorus-

(ENTRANCE)

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(Flute & Voice solo)

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Dressed in an outer shell
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For darkness served it well
Dressed in its outer shell.

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(Oboe and Voice solo)

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Earth's blowing fire !
Bathe in its glow;
Breathe in its flame,
Out of it came
Your Self long ago.

CHORUS

Earth's blowing fire -
Breathe in its flame !

(Space of discordant Music and
distorted unrhythmical dancing)

Prologue ~~Sc. 1~~

ORFANA (the two rivers)

And season after season
As planets onward roll
They ripe the growing Children
With waters of the Soul .

Far, out of unknown regions
Both rivers fall and flow
And where they spring ^{they} ~~Man~~ knows not,
Nor where at last they go .

(LIGHT Shines steadily upon her.)

Out in the forest
The Children roam,
^{calling} Wilt thou that I
^{may} Shall call them home
They have no need
From ^{me} thee apart,
^{can but} Love, ~~not~~ I'll lead them
To thy heart.

gue-- ~~Song~~

(The rivers flow, rippling)

ORFANA

Within the deeps of being
 To rivers flow to sea,
 And where they spring eternal
 There too their end will be;
 The one is white as crystal,
 But white with black shall merge
 To flood the clay with fruitage
 Till both as one converge.

Free from the SOURCE upsurging
 They sing within the LIGHT,
 One sings of death's awakening,
 And one of ⁱⁿ endless night,
 They quench the thirst of ^{creatures} thousands
 In one immortal stream
 That heals the heart of folly
 Within a world of dream.

The white thrills like a rapture,
 The black throbs like an ache,
 Deep is the
 The one is sleeping pleasure
 That cares not to
 The other cries, "Awake!"

Their track is on the mountains
 And in the lambent air,
 They ripple through the valleys
 And through the deserts bare.

And half of man
 Is ignorant
 And half is wise
 The foolish man
 Never knows himself
 Until he dies.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

The Source - - - - - The Beloved.

{Orfana - - - - - -The All Mother, Love.
Hagglis

Sarafis - - - - - -The Wanderer

{The Leper -----The Higher Mind.
Christ

the Revulet, Astrid - - - - - Emotion In Nature.

{The Hermit - - - - - -The Seeker of Knowledge.
Ellerton

{The Fool - - - - - The Individual.
Sato

{The Basilisk - - - - - The Materialist.
Donne

The Four Elements, Fire, Water, Air, Earth - - - (Ballet).

{The Voices, - The Plain Spirits of each Element
The People *in the world* ----- (Chorus).

Griffin

here Beloved:

For Prologue

Let me rest beside Thee, oh Beloved

Emotion - uncontrolled feeling,
Thought - controlled Feeling,
Ecstasy - is when the body fully controlled,
leaves the being free
to function without interference

Prologue---

Scene:--- A thicket of tropical forest vegetation.

The Curtain rises in the midst of the Overture.

A thick blue fog envelops the stage.

Under the large leaves Orfana lies motionless not obviously visible.

Light from the SOURCE increases and decreases flickering here and there, during this play of light the stage is being gradually illumined.

Orfana's garments are earth-brown in color. She is gigantic in size, the ALL-MOTHER, full-bosomed, voluptuous, the Creatress, who gives lavishly to her earth-children. All her movements are free and pagan and unrestrained.

At back the scene reveals two Rivers falling downward from a height, and from an unseen source. One river is ebony black, the other clear and white.

THE BELOVED, the SOURCE, is speaking to Orfana by means of its Light. He is calling to her to awaken her children and draw them to herself through love, that they might see again the Light of the Source.

Orfana, roused by the ^{play of} flickering light which passes over her, ~~stretches herself and blinks.~~

Sarafis----

Prologue---- (continuation of Scene 1)

~~In her half hidden retreat of leaves~~ *mild growth*
~~and shrubbery she stirs slightly~~ *her form becomes visible*
~~and tises on one elbow~~

ORFANA (ARIA)

(Sings) (perceiving the light)

Near art thou !
 Near in the being of thy word;
 Oh, let me rest !
 Far is the goal,
 And Time the bridge of life
 Between the gates of birth and death
 That open equal
 To drift and blossoming .
 Thy Children, who with the seasons change
 Holding so little while
 The dream of Light --
 Oh let me rest,
 What matters it, •
 They grow, they bloom they flourish
 And they fall .

(Chorus of Forest Voices off stage
 call softly)

"Orfana ! Orfana ! "

(Orfana listens)

The Forest-voices call !

Sarafis-----

Prologue ---- (continuation of Sc. 1--)

ORFANA

(sings)

Smiling in
(Still ~~resisting~~ the Light
that trembles around her)

Call not me !

Call to the darkness of my forms,

Lead them through tears and laughter to my heart;

Call not me --

Make thy sweet utterance in the unconscious sleep,

Peel 'way the stony blackness from the soil

Wash the thick slumber from the burdened Deep.

(The Light again increases and
decreases, flickering. Orfana
stretches out her arms to the Light)
~~resisting no longer~~

Oh, my Beloved !

Call from my every part

What must unite with thee !

Speak, in the clash of tongues,

Curse or caress,

And in the spar

Utter thy whirling Law

With streaming everness.

(The Light shines ^{ing} on her, ~~X~~
~~Her~~ ^{her} face is lifted)

~~Through me to growth,~~

Sarafis----

Prologue --- (continuation of Scene 1)

(Sings) Orfana:

Through me to growth,
From seed to bright of flower,
When fruits the bloom of life
Toward it's far goal,
Thine is the prism,
Through which
Shine^s ~~the~~ the soul. *goal*

Oh, Great, Unknowable, my Source, my Rock,
Beloved ! Have birth in me !

(The ^{now} Light falls on the ^{one, now on the other} 2 Rivers.)

They shine lustrous, 1 black, 1 white

Orfana sings)

On water broods spirit
Unsullied, unconscious,
Through travail and birth
Shall black become white,
Through eddying silence
The Source, the Beloved,
Speaks tenderly, sounding
The call to unite !

(She gazes at the 2 rivers.)

White milk from the breasts of the Mother of
cosmos,
Black light out of Love
That the Children might BE.

(The rivers ripple to
a harp accompaniment)

Sarafis---

Prologue ---- (continuation of Scene 1)

(The rivers flow, rippling)

ORFANA

(sings)

Within the deeps of being,
Two rivers flow to sea,
And where they spring none knoweth
Nor what their end shall be;
The one is white as crystal,
The other black as pitch,
Both flood the land with moisture,
And both the world enrich.

Free from their Source upsurging,
They sing by day and night
The song of one is shadowed
The other gay and light
And those who hear the first song
Wake restlessly and weep,
And those who hear the other
Smile happily and sleep.

Oh, Rivers, flowing, flowing,
Your secret songs I hear,
And ^{all} I must choose between ~~them~~,
The turbid and the clear,

Sarafis---

Prologue--(continuation of Scene 1--)

ORFANA (sings)

The white thrills like a rapture,
The black throbs like an ache;
The one ^{calls} ~~says~~: "wake to pleasure,"
The other says but "Wake ! "

And wake to what it says not,
Yet they who heed that voice
Feel light within them quicken,
And mid' their tears find voice.
And they who heed the rapture,
Swoon blissfully and rest;
But know not light from darkness,
And weary in life's quest.

Within the deeps of being
Two rivers flow to sea,
And one springs from the darkness,
And one your Light shall be .

Sarafis----

Prologue---- (continuation of Scene 1--)

ORFANA

(parts the bushes)
looks down at the serpents)

In dewy shades
By leaflets kissed,
Concealed you sleep
All fear dismissed;
By bush and forest-pool
Soft curling
You listen to it's
Lazy purling,
And dream of bird,
And dream of toad,
You lissom, whisp'ring
Handsome brood !
(Cups her hands and gives her
shrill forest-cry)

Earth

Aieee ! Ho ! Serpents !

(The underbrush rustles, the snakes
are seen scurrying past, leaving the
large leaves shaking.)

ORFANA

(Looks up at the trees)

Aieee ! Ho, Songsters !

(With a great twittering the birds fly
out and away.) The leaves of the trees
shake.)

ORFANA

Aieee ! Ho ! Waters !

Water

Fire

Aieee

Sarafis---

Prologue--(continuation of Scene 1--)

(The ripple of waters is heard.)

ORFANA (calls)

(as she steps through the thicket
rounding up the forest Children)

This is a Pagan song and is sung
with free gesturing)

(Whenever she calls "Ho !" she cups
her hands to her mouth, making a
prolonged call.)

Ho-----!

I call to the life

That quivers on ground or tree;

The small ones come with a hum and strife,

You gnat, you wasp, you bee !

The Great come silently ----- Aieeee -----!

Ho-----!

I am the Mother through whom all flow,

Your guide, your provider and friend,

I am always beside the deep Source, you know,

I draw through love to the destined end,

Of the Great Unknowable's will,

To the same great Love's decree, Aieeee-----!

Ho-----!

Come at my call, ^{and} ~~ye~~ creatures all,

Lion and Cat, frog, mole and bat,

From me your body, from Him your soul,

Ye that ~~maye~~ high or ye that ~~maye~~ flat,

Sarafis---

Prologue--(continuation of Scene 1--)

ORFANA) I draw you to Love whatsoever shall be,
So answer my shrill Aieeeee -----! Ho !

(The Light which rests on Orfana's head like a coronet while she calls, now shifts over to a covert in the thicket. Orfana walks there and parting the bush picks up a long tendril of a growing vine, one on which an earth-worm rests. The LIGHT shines on the worm and the vine.)

ORFANA

Beloved ! here

Are your worm and your vine.

They are winding and creeping their lives away,

"How"- they say,

"Shall we stand in the evil day,

Where's refuge from beak and from wind ?"

(Bends over worm and vine pityingly)

Frightened Children,

Make no long moan,

Your road is short --

Have you not heard,

Have you not known?

The Beloved cares for His own.

(She places the vine gently on the ground)

Live your dream -- grow ! Blossom on every hand
Choose what you will, your rose or your blue,

(Places the worm gently on the vine)

Sarafis---

Prologue--(continuation of Scene 1--)

Orfana (to the worm)

Plough, you ! Furrow the whole wide land.

That is the dream for you .

(A sparrow alights on a near-by branch
and twitters.)

(Orfana shakes a finger at him)

Not now, little greedy one,

Ket him alone till his dream is won.

(The light hovers around her restlessly)

All forms are thine.

Oh. Formless One,

Now I have called

And everyone has answered,

Reviving Light, the calling was thine own.

Yet-- there is one

Who to my voice is silent,

Where lingers he,

My playmate, whom I love ?

(The Light glides to another covert.
Orfana walks there, parts the bush and
discloses a dead deer with a wound in his
breast. She kneels silently, touched her
fingers in the blood and stands hand raised
letting the blood drip from her fingers)

(calm and undisturbed) (to the dead deer)

Sarafis-----

Prologue----(continuation of Scene 1--)

ORFANA (to the dead deer)

Dear Friend, your footsteps
Even now resounding
In playful measure,
Track dresh ways of green,
While he who robbed you
Of your simple joyance,
Treads the earth's brightness
Unaware of Light !

Once when I called,
You came with ~~gaze~~ of wonder,
Shining through leaves
That wreathed your brow with gold,
Love bathed your eyes
In humid friendly greeting---
Ah-- take your flight ,
Only the form is cold!

(She bows her head. Chorus off stage
calls to her softly: "Orfana ! Orfana !")

She shakes off her sadness and
stretches her arms)

(Infinitely tender)

Sarafis -----

Sarafis ----

Lingerst thou ?

Come, Sarafis, drink at my breast
Brown with the elements' caress !

Sarafis----

Prologue--(continuation of Scene 1--)

Orfana (calls to Sarafis)

Firm, with the mastic virileness
That dreams to the predestined goal;
Come --- come ---
Best of Nature's seed,
Through floods, transcending time and space
Pouring thy beauty on the dying face,
Let us together see beyond this space
That knows no ugliness.

Sarafis--- Sarafis ---

Now dusky night
Calls the forest-spirits to wake,
From the day's prisoning embrace,
Sleep, like the swan, lies feather-pale
Upon the sapphire of the lake;
Come --- come ---
From the farthest Star
Through distant aisles that once you knew,
Reach down light-fingers, all a-drip with dew
Lift up thy spirit and create anew
Its pristine blessedness .

Sarafis----

Prologue-- (continuation of Scene 1)

Orfana

(Impassioned she speaks)
(listens. No answer comes from Sarafis.)

Speechless ! Voiceless !

He answers not .

Oh Source, My Light,

Shatter the Blindness

That glooms his being !

Dumb are the melodies

That should be ringing

Throughout the forest

That the birds might listen !

Lagging the feet that

Should excell in running,

Lame arms that outstretched

Would embrace the heavens !

Oh, still-born child,

Oh, cradled longing,

Born of Desire

Of the Light and Me ,

Oh, vagrant spirit,

Whither are ~~you~~ ^{are} tending,

Forgetting all

That ~~you~~ ^{are} were meant to be !

Acetone
My love knows that he's love in my heart
No-one must know what has happened to me,
No matter where I go
know why my heart beats so;
Certainly I shall tell no one
When someone comes I shall tell him,
For he - he alone - must know.

Nobody else *believe me* would explain it I'm sure,

Nobody else but he,

The first the first moment I saw him
It happened as soon as I saw him,

Love came between us
That joy that came close to me.

Now do I know what
I want to sing like the rivulet sings

When the first wild bird sips;

Now do I know what a star feels
I would be as swift as a star-beam

When moonlight touches her lips
To come to his calling lips.

No one knows what a tremble of joy
No-one must know of the gladness I felt,

When first he called me "dear"
When first he called me "dear",

No one could ever conceive it
When someone comes I shall tell him

But he - he alone - must hear.
The things he alone must hear.

body knows that he's love in my heart
No-one shall know of the silver-toned flutes,

Carnival trumpets that blow.

But when he comes I shall tell him
All of it came when he kissed me,

And he -- he alone -- shall know.
And he -- he alone -- shall know.

Once in his life that hour

Sarapis sings:

hounds' voice on the
The Forest-horn ^{sings} sounds on the air,

he hums
The veteran Wind now blows it,

And well the good Pan knows
It echoes here, it echoes there,
My restless heart well knows it.

beavers were danced to it gladly
It wakes the fledgling in their nest,
The branching trees they heard it,
and faster holes
And closer 'round each downy breast
the necks out stretching
They bend all straining toward it.

bring
It lures the tiger from his den,
The serpents flee their covert,
when that call
Throughout the forest ring again
Those tones bewitched and overt.

For still my restless
The forest-horn so eerie, wild,
Comes with sweet vigor striving,
is gone
My grief to calm, and I, beguiled
Feel joy my heart reviving.

one shall
Nobody knows what has happened to me,
Knows why my heart beats so,
Certainly I ~~have~~ ^{shall} told no-one,
For he -- he alone -- must know.

Oh could the world but the ~~explain~~ ^{understand}
Nobody else could explain ~~it~~, I'm sure,
Nobody else but he,
It happened as soon as I saw him,
That joy came to ^{live} ~~live~~ ^{me} with me.

I want to sing like the rivulet sings,
When the first wild bird sips,
I ~~wish I were~~ ^{want to be swift} swift as a star-beam,
To come to his calling lips.

Nobody knows of the gladness I felt
Because ~~that~~ day he called me "dear,"
When someone comes I shall tell him
The things he alone must hear.

Nobody knows of the silver-toned flutes,
Carnival trumpets that blow,
All of them came when he loved me,
But he -- he alone -- shall know !

No one shall know what has happened to me,
Know why my heart beats so,
Certainly I shall tell no-one,
For he -- he alone -- must know.

Oh, could the woods and the river but hear
How my heart sings in my breast,
It happened as soon as I saw him,
That joy came to nest with me.

The throistle first gave voice,
 With fluting clear,
 A call soft as a moonbeam:

"He's near ! He's near ! "

The rushes tipped with silver
 Sang river-hushed and good:

"Comrade --"

And then a stillness
 A listening in the wood.

A flute of reed he lifted,
 And oh, the clear stream thrilled
 In eager tossing gladness,
 In little foaming frills
 To music ^{that} ~~it~~ was dancing,
 To secret words it knew,
 Against the banks it butted,
 In lines of azure blue.

He stooped his lips to moisten
 Within a drop of dew
 That sparkled on a clover
 She ~~whispered~~ ^{trembled} softly, "You --"
 His shaggy goat-feet lifting
 He pounded out a tune,
 The Oak bent down to listen
 And whispered him a rune.

A caterpillar crawling
 Saw his great hooves arise
 And pausing in her ramble
 Stared with her blue-black eyes,
 From bloom to bloom it hurried
~~That bird-like flutings~~ -
 Over the hills it travelled
 Over the moorland ground.

And all the wood went singing,
 The alders and the birch,
 The birds within their branches
 Danced on the topmost perch,
 The forest chimes were ringing
 And in the ancient yews
 The mists began their swaying,
 In dropping rain and dews.

It was the Faun's wild piping -
 Clear, honey-sweet and high,
~~Shall as a primrose petal~~
 Brave as a
 And like a violet shy.

The forest horn sounds on the air,
The veteran Wind now blows it,
It echoes here, it echoes there,
My restless heart well knows it.

It wakes the fledglings in their nest
The leaves of the wood all hear it,
And closer 'round each downy breast
They bend, but not one fears it.

It brings the tiger from his den,
It brings the tiger from his den,
The serpent from its covert,
And through the forest rings again
Those tones so gay and overt.

Oh forest-horn you cheer my heart
Naughty and resist your driving,
I feel my doleful mood depart,
With joy my soul's reviving.

In the Prelude sings of the Fall.

(Orfana - Sings in one of her ecstasies)

In the deep ^{of the source} forest are two rivers flowing.

One infinitely clear in substance - the other ebony black. Both ^{flow} spring from ^{the unmovable} ~~the~~ one source. One, the water of sleep, the other of waking.

*

Hagglis, or Orfana, tells Sarafis after one of his dream ~~ex~~ visions "You have been at the door of mystery, but I shall keep the secret until your life is fulfilled - only then ~~will I open~~ shall I open the door - of the inner room - which you must know, - so that you may ^{out to} reach the source and drink in one great ecstasy.

*

Orfana is both serious and hilarious in her ~~many~~ moods.

~~She displays the~~ She displays the many sides of her nature. She is the comedienne as she mimics humanity's self-deluded self in its ^{clumsy} attempts to seek happiness - She herself gets drunk with the humor of it. Dancing and swaying, singing and mimicking men's parodies. -

But she has also her serious mood.

She knows the suffering in Sarafis is washing away the darkness in him, so that he may live. As the river of darkness is absorbed by the river of light he must undergo many changes, and ~~the~~ taste of the fruit of death, that he may live without ~~dying~~ dying. So often she does not console him, nor entertain him

with the humorous side of her. She does not even advise him at times, knowing only too well that he must at last come to realize life and death ^{by} himself. — Their ^{The phrases} ~~are~~ ^{are} seemingly ~~the~~ ^{are} cruelties which he, as well as all of humanity quickly reject, ^{by trying merely to escape them} were it in their power to do so. These impelling forces, she knows, move the dark river to flow into the infinitely clear one. She is always there, however, waiting to caress or to force him to seek and search the outer face of existence to know its unreality, its temporalness, so that he may approach the inner, and from this inward ^{self-knowledge} continue on to the great Godhead — The Source.

OVERTURE ---- The voices of Nature's Forms.

PROLOGUE ---- (The forest) ORFANA, the Creatress,
(calling to the Forms, her Children .

ACT 1 -- THE FOREST ----

ACT 2-- THE WORLD ---- .

EPILOGUE -- The Forest -
ORFANA, again as in PROLOGUE, calling
to her Children.

agedy, the love element, the

on a different background when he

Love the Mother, Earth, she plays upon all this
in turn play upon each other.

is always to conquer, everything but himself, yet he conquers
though, though he thinks he does, until he begins to conquer himself.

In the SC. with the Basalisk it is really the WIND who conquers and
helps slay the Basalisk, yet Sarafis thinks he has conquered his e.

In the woman who hides from him it is her fear of him that conquers
her, not Sarafis, but he thinks he has done it.

Basalisk calls from far: "Share my kingdom, live with me," because
sees in Sarafis a potential competitor. The LEPER warns him not to
meet the Basalisk anywhere but at the Lake. So, it is the LEPER who sa
Sarafis from the Basalisk. Sarafis meets the Basalisk and says, "come to
the Lake; I will talk with you there." So he tricks the trickster.

The Leper is a godly man. He lives on the black SERPENT'S HILL--
which is nothing but rock. In the cleft of the rock trickles a clear
stream which gives drink to the Leper as well as to the grasses that
grow only at the brink of the cleft. Sarafis comes to visit the Leper
is surprised to see clear water there in the black rock and thus
Aestrid's acquaintance. She talks to him with her ripples and he
A love springs in his heart for her and in hers for him. He bri
the forgetmenot when he is leaving the wood and plants it, with his
touching the water. Aestrid says she will keep it for him. In the world
the LEPER is Father Paul, the Priest. --
"You and I" she sings to him in a lilting song --

Gilling has a farm from which he derives an income. Later Ellerton al
also has an estate from which he derives an income. In Ellerton's
apartment (or house) live Ellerton, Sven, Sarafis, and Aestrid comes there
to visit her uncle. Sven is of course Poli, Gilling's assistant, now
a scientist in Sarafis' new World.

The Basalisk is later Dunn, and SERPENT'S HILL is the black chamber
dark in all its appurtenances and hangings of rich dark purple.
Dunn is nervous and says he likes to "shut out the light".

The Basalisk goes to the Serpents' Hill. He sees the Leper talking to
the stream and in a ~~jealous~~ rage flings him over the cliff, but the
LEPER only laughs, and floats safely to the grove below. Then the
Basalisk splits the black rock and it falls on the little clear
stream and stops its rippling. SARAFIS coming to the stream, lifts the
rock and crumbling stone away with which the Basalisk has tried to
choke the little stream and stop its 'babbling' as he calls it. It
was singing of the light when he came to visit Serpents Hill and that
enraged the Basalisk who moves freely only in the darkness and shadow.
His eyes are troubled by the light. The rivalet is symbolic of a beaut
beautiful spirit of love and friendliness, and simplicity.

OVER

rain
s:" Living

The leper is friendly to
He warns Sarafis against
of a rooster's egg in the da

...veres in its own state of rest or of motion
...ed to change its shape or position. In other
...elled to change only by forces imposed upon it.

...s suffering through Dunn seems pathetic, but is proved
... as it enables SARAFIS to emancipate himself from Dunn
... and the world and its forces, by a repulsion of feelings.
It is not one alone that contributes, it is everything
that continues stage-wise to bring one nearer the other, and
each helps therefore to bring one closer to fulfillment.
When there is no longer a need for such forces to play upon
us, we are no longer affected by them.
We are not affected by everything, because some influences
we have outgrown and as we ~~grow~~ outgrow, these other influences
flow in and draw us ever nearer the Source and to the realization
of the Source. -----

Hermit who has just returned from the
lands still wet with its water.
growing dark. He tells the Fool to begin. The Fool peer
and is afraid of the dark, but at the Hermit's command he has to
out into the darkness. Alone with Sarafis the Hermit touched
wilted flower which revives. He then implores the elements of
and Fire to intervene for Sarafis. They can only prevent sleep fr
widening its scope and becoming permanent, but they are power
to undo the wish entirely. Yet Fire makes a band of flame around
and Airies the black waters of sleep encircling him. And Air fans
the flames into a furious blaze.

As they work the Leper is heard from SERPENTS' HILL singing
his Prophecy to SARAFIS journeying into the world.

STORY.

working out its salvation.

Sarafis, living in his own beautiful forest world, seeks life (or satisfaction - like so many of us) outside himself and the plane he lives on. (Again the plane he lives on is only a reflection of his inner quality of growth.)

ALL THE GOOD AND EVIL GODS OF THE UNIVERSE
ARE IN OURSELVES - ACCORDING TO OUR GROWTH
AND UNDERSTANDING OR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE
SOUL WITHIN US.

Sarafis, having no real consciousness of himself and his forest world - (which again is only the reflection of the growth of his inner being) he is gradually carried away from his own self and his reflection (the forest), into a world of illusion, (the world of men, which to him or his consciousness is unreal - just as the world of the Faun is illusion to man.)

It is true that both worlds exist - yet it is also true that they only exist to those beings that dwell in the particular world.

All worlds are planes of consciousness which are in turn the reflection or understanding or sight within us. - - Now, if we live in a world without being quite aware of its real beauty

and in the seco

re - - - -

illusionary world

suffer - - simply because we n

fulfillment of this illusionary exist

WHAT WE ARE - WE REALLY HAVE - -

BUT WHAT WE DESIRE WE NEVER REALIZE -

IT IS ALWAYS AN INCH AHEAD OF US.

Living in a world of illusion for a while, generally
dis - illusions us and brings us eventually back to ourselves
and the real world or consciousness we are a reflection of, at
~~the time we live here on earth etc.~~

It brings us back to the great illusion - God.

But first we must suffer and outlive the condition we have
ignorantly created for ourselves. In other words - we must first
die to our falsely created self - in order to be truly aware
of the god-head or real consciousness which we intrincically
are at ^{the} ~~on~~ given moment of our many stages of growth existence.

When this is accomplished we have then grown aware
of the beauty or God within us and are also able to appreciate
our immediate outer environment or world of which we are at the
moment a conscious part - or which we consciously reflect.

BATTLE*DANCE SONG

Chorus-

(ENTRANCE)

Aiee ! Aiee ! Aieeeeeee !

(Flute & Voice solo)

The kernel came into the world
Dressed in an outer shell
It slept, through rain and wind and storm
And nothing saw and nothing heard
For darkness served it well,
It dreamed of death it dreamed of hell
For darkness served it well
Dressed in its outer shell.

CHORUS:

Aiee --aiee-aieeeeeee !

(Oboe and Voice solo)

Then came the Sun of Dawning ,
On Springtime floating.
It dreamed of Light !

CHORUS

Of Light, of Light !

(Oboe and Voice solo)

Flow into Time,
Flow into Space and limitation,
Light calls you out into a world of delight;
Drink of illusion's wine, eat of its bread,
Till 'round you spread
Earth's blowing fire !
Bathe in its glow;
Breathe in its flame,
Out of it came
Your Self long ago.

CHORUS

Earth's blowing fire -
Breathe in its flame !

(Space of discordant Music and
distorted unrhythmical dancing)